

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that Lord MURRAY's prolonged absence in South America is due to the best of reasons. He is anxious to secure contracts for oil to pour on troubled waters.

It does not say much for the enterprise of our fashion journals that none of them has, in view of the possibility of a lady being appointed Poet Laureate, published an illustrated article on the most becoming mode of wearing the bays.

The poet PYE, we are told in *The Observer*, was the most conscientious of the Laureates. He used to turn out Birthday Odes with the precision of clock-work, and these were read out to KING GEORGE III. at his birthday parties. His Majesty ultimately became insane.

With reference to the charge of "Sweating Sovereigns" which was gone into at Preston last week, we have received several letters from crowned heads complaining of the miserable pittances upon which they are expected to live.

At the recent show of the Pekingese Club a policeman stood guard over one of the most valuable exhibits—to the obvious annoyance of the little smug-faced dog in question, who feared that it might lead the unthinking public to take him for a desperate criminal or a militant.

Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM's suggestion that telephone-users should make a point of writing a letter to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL detailing each cause of complaint that has occurred during the day has the hearty support of the Rt. Honble. SAMUEL, who looks forward to a large and permanent increase in the revenue from the sale of postage stamps as a result of this proposal.

Señor Dr. DON SALAS has arrived in London on a special mission from the Argentine Government to thank KING GEORGE for the visit of the British Fleet in 1910. No one seems to trust the Post Office nowadays.

It transpired during the trial of the Suffragette leaders at the Old Bailey

that a note of the following proposal had been found:—"Interrupt Premier's golf." This gives one an idea of the lengths to which these desperate women are prepared to go.

We understand that when the bag of flour was thrown at Mr. ASQUITH last week the PREMIER at first took it to be an argument against Free Food, the subject upon which he was speaking at the time.

It is stated that there are no militant suffragettes in the Isle of Man. Manx cats, as is well known, have no tails, and the HOME SECRETARY is again being urged to try the effect of cutting off the hair of his Suffragette prisoners.

Some statistics just published show that Bournemouth and Eastbourne are

was foretold to Mr. DOUGLAS some time ago in a dream. Such cases of a presentiment of evil are by no means uncommon.

The suggestion that the recent fire at MUDIE'S may have been due to spontaneous combustion on the part of certain "advanced" novels is endorsed by a statement in *The Evening News*. "The library proper," says our contemporary in its account of the conflagration, "suffered no damage."

Three hundred boys escaped without mishap from a fire which destroyed St. John's School, Leatherhead, last week. The only regrettable feature of the incident is a denial of the statement that it required the most strenuous efforts on the part of the masters to prevent the boys from dashing into the burning building to save their school-books.

A police order published in a Danzig newspaper warns those concerned that all thistles in fields and gardens must be uprooted by the end of July. The order has created some amusement locally, where it is held that it is a foolish bureaucrat who quarrels with his food.

During a representation, last week, of the Battle of Waterloo for cinema purposes, in which 4,000 players and 3,000 horses were taking part, only one of the combatants was injured. This recalls the famous battle between the Sultan of Morocco's troops and the adherents of a pretender, in which the only person killed was a civilian who was engaged in selling sherbet to both sides.

The Marconi Report.

"More whitewash!" said the FALCONER,

Doing the Party trick;
"Throw it about in bucketfuls;
Some of it's bound to stick."
"Very poor art!" the public cried;
"You've laid it on too thick!"

Women in Parliament.

"Lord Savile (18) beat Mrs. S. Roberts, M.P. (18) by 3 and 2."—"The Daily Telegraph" reporting the Parliamentary Golf Handicap.

"THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER ON THE STAGE."—*The Times*.

Mr. GEORGE GRAVES must look out.



"THEY SAY THIS PUNTING IS DIFFICULT, BUT I CAN'T SEE YET WHERE THE TROUBLE COMES IN."

the places where spinsters are most numerous. Few can have failed to notice what a harassed look the male inhabitants of those towns have worn for some time past.

Lady TREE, discussing the revival of fringes for women, said to an interviewer last week, "Women with really intellectual foreheads should not wear them." Personally, we always wear ours.

The Daily Mail headed its paragraph describing Sir J. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S farewell—"Our only Hamlet," and wound up with the statement, "The audience sang, 'He's a jolly good fellow.'" We believe that this is the first time the melancholy Dane has been so described.

Mr. JAMES A. DOUGLAS, a spiritualist, produced last week at the Aldwych Theatre what has been declared to be the worst play in London. According to *Light*, the production of his play

A CABLE TO QUITO.

*The CHAIRMAN OF THE MARCONI COMMITTEE to
Lord MURRAY OF ELIBANK.*

MURRAY, you should be with us at this hour!
Asquith has need of you; the Party hungers
For that large smile which is your native dower
To petrify this swarm of scandal-mongers.

We would not have you hurry, MURRAY,
But things at home are just as hot as curry.

We picture you out there the slave of toil
(Your polished head a target for the sheer suns)
Among the gushers, doing deals in oil,
Not for your own ends but for Messrs. PEARSON'S;
We know your motto, fixed as fate,
Was ever "*Duty first; let Pleasure wait*;"

Yet, could you read what even Liberals say
Of truths extracted like reluctant molars,
You would not linger longer, not a day,
But fling yourself across the estranging rollers,
Cutting the prior claims of Quito
(*Bis venit*, I may add, *qui venit cito*).

For your appearance in our First Report
Occurs by proxy only; but I've reckoned
You'll be in time (D. V.) to share the sport
And have your *viva voce* in our Second;
Meanwhile, *en route*, our wireless stations
Shall flash you any further revelations.

Weather permitting, then, come pretty soon;
Come o'er the foam as fast as you are able;
For, though we much appreciate the boon
Of testimony kindly sent by cable,
The spoken word is always nicer;
Yours (less in wrath than sorrow), ALBERT SPICER.

O. S.

CHERCHEZ LA FEMME.

I'm a burglar.

I say, I'm a burglar. There is no catch in it. My occupation, when I am at liberty to follow it, is burglariously breaking and entering dwelling-houses with intent to commit a felony therein.

I am the man of whom you are afraid by night. I also am the man who is afraid of you by night. You are always hearing me moving about down stairs, when in fact I'm elsewhere; I am always hearing you moving about upstairs, when in fact you are asleep. It is nervous work for both of us, isn't it?

Or rather, I used to be a burglar. It was in consequence of a remark addressed to me by a man named Hodgkinson that I gave up the business. Do you know the Hodgkinsons of 199, South Audley Street, W.? No? No more do I, but nevertheless I thought I might while away an hour or two at their house as well as anywhere else.

The servants having gone to bed when I arrived, I had to unpack my bag myself. It is a whim of mine to do this in the dark—a foolish whim, perhaps, as I always end by dropping something and breaking something else. One has to be a burglar to learn what a lot of glass there is in the world ready to create a disturbance on the slightest provocation.

"Who are you?" called out Hodgkinson from above.

I thought it was no good answering that I was a burglar. He would not have sympathised, so I let the remark pass.

"What are you doing down there?" he continued. Think as I would, I could not hit on an evasive answer; besides, my throat was curiously dry and did not lend itself to conversation. But this Hodgkinson was bent on conversing, so he went back to his room and explained to his wife how right everything was in this best of worlds.

His wife, however, was clearly of opinion that she had heard something, and, as I proceeded with my work not without trepidation, she was even more certain that she had heard something else. No doubt she was right; there was certainly plenty to hear. So back came Hodgkinson, determined to extract some information out of me.

I confess to being then a little nervous and almost upset upon realizing that here was Hodgkinson coming downstairs. For all I knew, he carried a revolver; and I had heard dreadful accounts of the lengths to which householders will go in their dangerous business of householding. I had an instinctive feeling that, pleasant place though 199, South Audley Street, W., might be, it was no place for me. Even as I was seriously thinking of changing my address, the hall was flooded with a brilliant light. I hate too much light, for it gives me a headache; so that decided me, and I moved towards the door.

Meanwhile this Hodgkinson, if you will believe me, heaved a sigh of intense relief. "Oh!" he said, "it's only you, is it?"

Only!

Then he tried to be severe. "You have no business to give us such a fright," he continued. "We thought you were a Suffragette."

I retired once and for all from 199, South Audley Street, W. and the profession in disgust.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS PROGRAMME.

THE latest *revue*, just produced at the Collodeum, entitled *Mind the Step*, differs from its predecessors in no way except in the frankness of its programme, portions of which we are, in the interest of fairness, pleased to quote:—

"MIND THE STEP."

A New and Original Revue,
in Four Acts.

First Scenario by Digby Morrison.

Revision of same by Arthur Kaster.

Title by a luncheon party at Kimono's.

Humorous interlude in First Act by Chauncey Jones.

Joke in Second Act by Charles J. Masterman.

Joke in Third Act by J. Wilbraham Kank.

All other jokes by the Gotham Stunt Family.

Music conveyed from various places and arranged
by Leon Bolovitch.

Original lyric in Act II. written by Harry Bolder.

Other lyrics acquired.

Sensational spectacle in First and Third Acts
from America.

Ballet in Second and Fourth Acts from Paris.

Costumes by Willier from designs made in France,
Germany and Russia.

Wigs from the usual place.

The *revue* produced for a few days by Ben Lomino; then taken over by Argyll Laburnum; and finally completed
by Arthur Kaster.

Dances adapted by Charter Fish.

"The Four and Twenty Peaches" collected from various
American cities by Hiram Baskervil.

Their complexions by Laurie et Cie,
&c. &c. &c.



THE MARCONI OCTOPUS.

LIBERAL PARTY. "ANOTHER TENTACLE OR TWO AND I'M DONE!"



THE BEDSIDE MANNER—LATEST.

Doctor (calling at hospital, ten minutes after the dinner-bell has gone, to "dress" his patient in private ward). "I SAY, THAT'S A FINE GAME AT LORD'S. BY JOVE! I REMEMBER PLAYING IN A HOLIDAY MATCH AT HORSHAM. THEY HAD A COUPLE OF SUSSEX MEN BOWLING FOR THEM, VINE AND KILICK. I TOOK THE FIRST OVER FROM KILICK. FIRST BALL, DEAD ON MIDDLE STUMP; SECOND BALL, DEAD ON MIDDLE STUMP; THIRD, DEAD ON MIDDLE STUMP; FOURTH, GLANCED IT TO LEG—FOUR; FIFTH, CUT IT TO BOUNDARY—FOUR; SIXTH, GLANCED IT TO LEG—FOUR! TWELVE IN FIRST OVER—NOT BAD, WHAT? ST. MARY'S MEN DIDN'T FLUFF A CATCH THE WHOLE DAY AND WE WON BY TWO RUNS. HERE, NURSE, WHERE'S MY OVERALL AND RUBBER GLOVES? LET'S GET TO WORK, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE."

BLEATINGS ABOUT BOOKMEN.

THE new series of *Classical Biographies* issued by the firm of Balder and Dash opens suspiciously with a brilliant monograph on HAROLD BEGGIE from the luminous pen of Sir OLIVER LODGE. The title-page is stern in its simplicity, only containing the words, "HAROLD BEGGIE, by OLIVER LODGE," with the affecting motto, *Trumpeter unus erat*. The illustrations include a wonderful X-ray photograph of Sir OLIVER LODGE's brain and an interesting appendix on "brow-drill," showing how a dome-shaped bulbosity of the forehead can be promoted by a course of cranial gymnastics.

No less than 13s. 4d., or twice a solicitor's minimum fee, was asked the other day for a copy of the original edition of Mr. Main Bracefield's "Bilgewater Ballads," which appeared in the early nineties and is now out of

print. A reprint will shortly be issued of Mr. Bracefield's whaling romance, "In Quest of Blubber." The new edition, which will be issued in limp oilskin at 6s. net., will contain a striking portrait of Mr. Bracefield in the act of discharging a harpoon and at the same time reciting his poem, "The Unending Sea-Serpent."

The Napoleonic era, which has so profoundly influenced modern Europe, has never had a more penetrating exponent than Mr. Clemco Porterhouse. His new work, *Napoleon's Wardrobe*, gives us such a picture of the Corsican's inner life as is not to be found in the monumental works of LANFREY or ROSE. In its dazzling pages, which are enriched with a wealth of illustrations of NAPOLEON'S boots, hats, breeches, stockings, etc., the daring theory is propounded that the policy of the great conqueror was materially affected by the unhygienic character of

his clothing and his unfortunate fondness for wearing tight top-boots. Mr. Porterhouse is the happy possessor of a pair of these top-boots and relates the disastrous results of his resolve to put them on. He succeeded, but it took his entire household two hours to pull them off.

Mr. John Christopher Bunson's new book has been delayed for a few weeks owing to the difficulty which the author found in devising an entirely adequate title. His publishers, Messrs. Taper and Tode, inform us that no fewer than seventeen provisional titles were successively tried before the fastidious author was finally satisfied. Amongst these were "The Peak of Piety;" "The Road of Rectitude;" "The Pearls of Peace;" "The Glory of Goodness;" "The Joyous Guard;" "The Serene Stoker;" "Magdalene Musings;" "The Cantillations of a Cantab;" "The Pitch of Perfection."

MR. PUNCH IN THE PAST.

[After the custom of several of his contemporaries and in the manner of himself.]

IV.

[Reproduced from "Punch" of 1086.]

"HAMMELINE," I said sadly, "it is now twenty years since at the call of duty—"

"Booty," interjected Hammeline with all a woman's shamelessness.

"Twenty years," I harked back, "since I came across and fought at Senlac."

"I have always taken your word for it," said Hammeline, "that you were not still sea-sick on the day of the battle."

"Being informed that I had pouched a goodly demesne," I continued, ignoring her, "you rashly packed up, put the seneschal on board wages, and followed me hitherward. You have told me at intervals ever since that your action was not premature. Well, Hammeline, I now find that we should be doing better with our three acres and a cow in dear old Normandy. I understand from this cartel," I said, handing it to her, "that we are going to be taxed."

"Taxed?" demanded Hammeline. "What on earth for?"

"Because of our land," I said bitterly—"The land, the land on which we stand," as we used to sing in the dear old days when 'the King gave the land to the Normans.'"

"On the simple understanding that they should fight for him when required," said Hammeline indignantly.

"Of course," I said; "but, since there haven't been any wars to speak of, it appears that another sort of *quid pro quo* will be extracted from us."

"Oh, well, of course," said Hammeline decidedly, "we simply shan't pay, and there's an end of it."

"An end of us," I said. "I think you had better read the cartel, Hammeline. An estate duty man is coming to assess us on Friday. He calls himself a commissioner, so that means that he will expect to dine with the family."

Hammeline called the scrivener and got herself posted in the contents of the cartel.

"This is the man," she said at last, pointing triumphantly to a twirly part

of the document. "His name is Rolfgar du Nord. Don't you know anything against him? He's one of us, of course."

"Of course," I said. "But I'm afraid he must be since my time. We can't square him—unless you know any details of his career, Henry," I continued hopefully, turning to our faithful scrivener.

"I fear, my lord," said Henry, "that Sir Rolfgar du Nord is in the main line of descent from Sir Kay de Calais—an excellent family and a blameless youth."

"I wonder if he's still unmarried," said Hammeline.

"What has that got to do with it?" I said irritably. "The point is that this outrageous robbery of the fruits of

Conquest, didn't they? And now all these people who've been saying the land was theirs ever since will say it's ours now, to escape the tax. These fields belong to Aelfred the Saxon, and you mustn't think they don't, just because we help him with his harvest now and then. You can spell his name with a simple 'A,'" she continued quickly, turning to Rolfgar's scrivener. "The diphthong is pure swank."

Rolfgar laughed good-humouredly and bade the scrivener make a note of it.

"The fact is," said I, seeing (if I may so phrase it) how the land lay, "the poppet knows as much about all this as I do. Shall I leave her to do the honours, Sir Knight? I have a knave or two to chastise. See you at dinner."

And with that I left them to it.

I understood that evening (Rolfgar had accepted Hammeline's invitation to stay the week-end with us) that I was no longer the landed proprietor I thought myself.

"All the same," said Rolfgar, when we were alone together, "I was given to understand that you'd done yourself rather better over the Conquest than this." He paused inquiringly.

"It's a bit awkward," I confessed, "and it worries me; for I am naturally concerned about the future interests of my daughter. I

have no son."

Rolfgar flushed. "Ah," he said eagerly, "what you want is a young strong hand to do the thing thoroughly for you—to arrange the swearing of the jury, and—"

"Precisely," I agreed. "Shall we leave it at that, then?" I produced my comfit case. "Do you take sugar plums, or will you try a *flor de Nizza*?"

"The nurse whose clothing was found in a ditch at Weston, Bath, has left for Montreal in a liner."—*Daily Express*.

We trust she was accommodated with a private cabin.

"THE STEWARDS' STATEMENT."

The following is the official statement of the disqualification of Craganour:—"Having bumped and bored the second horse, they disqualified Craganour and awarded the race to Aboyeur."—*Times*.

So it was the Stewards who were to blame.



Tram-Conductor. "'AVE I 'AD YOUR FARE, SIR?"

Mild Man. "ER—NO; BUT I THOUGHT PERHAPS I DIDN'T COUNT."

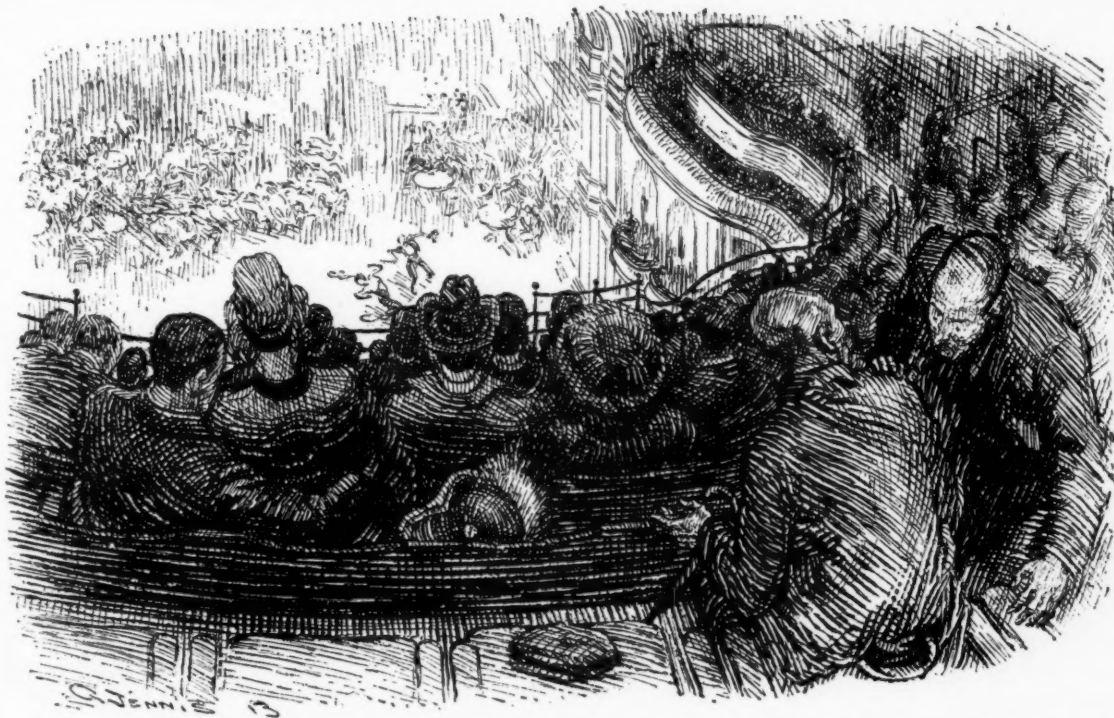
conquest (by so-called taxation) can be no more avoided than Domesday."

So saying, I took her hand in mine, and, standing together in the glow of the westering sun, we looked far abroad with eyes grown dim on the acres of our goodly heritage, where our Saxon serfs were busily ploughing our—that is, their—ancestral soil.

"Ah, Hammeline," I said softly, "we are growing old, and poverty stalks towards us. We cannot afford to feed so many mouths. I shall be obliged to hang a few of the scullions."

When Rolfgar du Nord and I rode forth to view the lands, Maude came with us, by the special request of her mother. And ever the minx rode at the saddle-bow of Rolfgar, and prattled as she rode.

"You see," she said, "the difficulty is that we really don't know which are our lands, and which aren't. Things got so mixed at the time of the



Loud-voiced Gentleman (returning after the interval). "I'D LIKE YOU TO KNOW, SIR, THAT YOU'RE SITTING ON MY HAT! D' YE HEAR ME?"
Gentleman with a soft hat (interested in play). "ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN SIT ON MINE."

ONCE UPON A TIME.

WIRELESS.

ONCE upon a time there was a daisy who conceived a fierce passion for another daisy a few inches away. He would look at this daisy hour after hour with mute longing. It was impossible to tell his love, because she was too far off, for daisies have absurdly weak voices. They have eyes of gold and the most dazzling linen, but their voices are ridiculous.

One day by happy chance a bronze-wing butterfly flitted into the meadow, and the daisy saw it passing from one to another of his companions, settling for a few moments on each. Bronze-wings are partial to daisies. He was an ingenious and enterprising fellow, this flower—something, in fact, of a "card," as they say in the Five Fields—and an idea suddenly came to him which not only would enable his dearest wish to be realised but might be profitable, too.

It was an idea, however, that could be carried out only with the assistance of the bronze-wing, and he trembled with anxiety and apprehension lest the butterfly should pass him by.

At last, however, after half-a-dozen false approaches which nearly reduced

the daisy to the condition of an anemone, the bronze-wing settled right on his head.

"Good afternoon," said the daisy. "You're just the person I wanted to see."

"Good afternoon," said the bronze-wing. "What can I do for you?"

"Well," said the daisy, "the fact is I have a message for a lady over there. Would you take it?"

"With pleasure," said the bronze-wing; and the daisy whispered a loving message to him.

"Which one is it?" he asked, when ready to start.

"How can you ask? Why, that beautiful one just over there," said the daisy.

"They all look alike to me," said the bronze-wing.

"Foolish myope," said the daisy. "There's only one really beautiful one."

"All right," said the bronze-wing; "but you mustn't call me names," and off he flitted.

Presently he came back and whispered the reply, which was so satisfactory that the edge of the daisy's dazzling white ruff turned pink.

"Now," said the bronze-wing, "what about my payment?"

"Well," said the daisy, "my idea is that you should devote yourself wholly

to this meadow and the daisies in it. There are enough of us to keep you going. You won't have to travel and get tired, and you'll be safe because no boys with butterfly nets"—the bronze-wing shuddered—"have ever been seen here. You will become our Mercury and keep us all in communication. And in return—"

"Yes?" said the bronze-wing eagerly.

"In return we will refuse the attentions of other visitors; all our honey shall be for you. All our energies shall go to providing you with the best."

"Done," said the bronze-wing.

"Better make a start at once," said the card. "Here's another message for that lady;" and he whispered again; and off the bronze-wing flitted.

He was soon back with the reply, which turned the edges of the daisy's ruff pinker than before.

"Now tell her this," said the daisy.

"But what about the rest of the field?" asked the bronze-wing.

"Never mind about anyone else," said the lover.

A Stonewaller.

"E. Boorer played a fine not out innings of 58 for Ballards against Glynde on Saturday, and for the same team R. H. Higham took five weeks for 44."—*Sussex County Herald*.

MARVELS OF THE METROPOLIS.

THANKS to the courtesy of our contemporary we are enabled to print the following selection from the correspondence which will appear in the forthcoming number of *The Dictator*:—

THE BIRD AND THE BALL.

SIR,—While playing golf lately on the Hanger Hill course I had an extraordinary experience which may perhaps interest some of your readers. As I was lofting my approach to the second hole you may imagine my astonishment when I saw a bird swoop down, seize the ball in mid-air and carry it off. The really extraordinary point about the episode remains yet to be told. The bird was a Nuthatch, and the golf-ball was a Colonel.

I am, Sir, OFFLEY PHIBBS.
"Luneville," West Ealing.

[We are delighted to print Mr. Phibbs's well-authenticated anecdote. What renders the feat of the bird so remarkable is that a nuthatch is such a small bird. But size is no criterion of strength. The *Hamals*, or porters, at Constantinople are often quite small men, though one of them has been known to carry a grand piano on his back.—ED., *Dictator*.]

NORTH LONDON NOVELTIES.

SIR,—The variety of wild birds frequenting the metropolitan area has been illustrated by your Hampstead correspondent. May I contribute my own experiences, derived from my residence in Harringay? On April 1st, I saw two red-shanked bandicoots settle on my asparagus bed. On April 19th, at 4.30 A.M., I distinctly heard the note of the lesser pilliwink, though I failed to see the bird itself. Finally, on May 2nd, I saw a flock of almond-crested macaroons flying at a great height over the Highbury Athenæum.

Yours, SAPHIRA MUNCHAUSEN.
Hotel Splendide, Mendar,
Corea, Crete.

[Miss (or is it Mrs.?) Munchausen's record is profoundly interesting. Personally, we had hitherto associated macaroons exclusively with confectionery, but journalists live and learn. The bandicoot is described in *The Standard Dictionary* as "a rat-like perameloid marsupial of Australia"; in this case they presumably made their way to Harringay from the docks. How admirably expressive a name the pilliwink is! Assuredly the old bird-namers were masters in the art of onomatopœia.—ED., *Dictator*.]

A TALKING OWL.

SIR,—The following story of the intelligence of an owl, for which my

whole family are prepared to vouch, will, I trust, find a corner in your esteemed journal, of which I have been a constant reader for the last eighty-five years, having been born at Thames Ditton in the year 1814. Some months ago I trapped a fine young owl in an elm tree which grew in my garden in Pimlico, and gave it lessons in talking. Owls will soon acquire an extensive vocabulary if fed on macaroni and dormice, and they never use bad language. Indeed, one lesson was sufficient to break my pupil of the bad habit of saying "To who" instead of "To whom."

I am, Sir, YOURS, etc.,
JONAH SWALLOW.
The Green House, Peckham Rye.

[It is always a pleasure to print one of Mr. Swallow's letters, which abound in the mellow wisdom of age combined with the alert sympathy of perennial youth. It is curious to learn on such good authority of the fine moral of owls. Can any of our readers explain why parrots, on the other hand, are so passionately addicted to ornamental excretion?—ED., *Dictator*.]

A CAT AND BIRD FIGHT.

SIR,—While recently walking in the Euston Road I was astonished to see, perched on the summit of a piece of monumental masonry, a full-grown capercaillie defending itself in resolute fashion against the attack of a large Persian cat. As I had an important engagement in the City I was unfortunately unable to witness the result of the conflict, and on calling at the monumental mason's house next day could gain no information on the subject. Is it possible that I was suffering from an optical illusion?

I am, Sir, YOURS, etc.,
AUGUSTUS TWIGG.
The Bungalow, Wapping.

[The capercaillie is seldom seen in these isles except in the Highlands. We cannot help thinking this was a Siberian bird which had escaped from cold storage. The animosity of the Persian cat was probably due to racial antipathy, inflamed by recent events at Teheran.—ED., *Dictator*.]

The Toy Dog Craze.

"Miss Asquith appeared in a charming gown of mauve moiré, the corsage composed of mauve chiffon embroidered in mauve, green, and pale pink, gracefully draped and caught with a shaded purple puppy."—*The Standard*.

The Prime Minister Masquerades.

"Mr. Asquith wore a striking and beautiful black gown with sphinx embroidery graduated below the waist and terminating with handsome tassels."—*Western Mail*.

SELLING THE DUMMY.

I MET Christine accidentally at the bottom of the Haymarket.

"You!" I said.

"From top to toe," she said. "What a good guess!"

"Yes," I said; "and I have guessed something else, too. You are coming to tea with me."

"Ought I?" said Christine.

"There is little doubt about it," I said. "In fact, it is written in the Book of Fate."

"Not in my pocket edition," said Christine, drawing a little silver-backed tablet from her muff and reading: "Dressmaker, 4. Tea with Charles, 4.45."

We were now opposite the Inglenook. "Capital!" I said. "Come in here. Charles is sure to be here."

"I'm sure he won't; he is waiting for me elsewhere."

"London is full of Charleses," I said. "Did you say muffins, tea-cake, or toast?"

We were firmly seated now, and I was tackling very strongly.

"Muffins and crumpets," said Christine, "then I can really forget Charles."

"I had already forgotten Charles," I said. "He is now at Oxford Circus eagerly scanning each Bayswater 'bus as it comes in sight; or," I added, "he is keeping another appointment." It was mean, but everything counts in love. Besides, it didn't matter; Christine was too busy to notice it.

It was at this point that I suddenly remembered that when I met Christine I had just paid away £2 7s. 3d. for some shirts and other things. Had I enough money to pay for the tea? I felt furtively in my pocket. Sixpence and three coppers!

"Come," I said, "let us leave this place."

"You've been looking at picture postcards," said Christine. "I'm certain I saw almost those very words on one yesterday. Why should we leave? I'm just getting into my game."

"I've taken a dislike to the wall-paper," I said evasively. "Besides, my conscience is pricking me about Charles."

Outwardly I was calm, inwardly all was strife and turmoil.

"Christine," I said, "observe me closely. Do I look like a man in need?"

"Poor man, help yourself to a crumpet."

"Seriously," I said, "can you lend me five bob? I can't pay the Food Tax."

"Abs. imposs. I left my purse at home," said Christine. "I haven't a sou."



The Elder (to loafer). "WEE, MR. McDONALD, WHAT CHURCH DO YE BELONG TAE?"

McDonald. "IT'S LIKE THIS, MR. MCPHEERSON. I CANNA RIGHTLY BE SAID TAE GANG TAE ONY KIRK, BUT IT'S THE AULD KIRK I STAY AWA FRAE."

"To think," I said, "that I cannot rely on you—you whom I have fed and sheltered—from Charles."

"Charles," said Christine severely, "would not have done this evil thing."

"Any way," I said, "they can't tear the muffins from us. You have seen to that."

Christine sighed.

"There are ways," I said, "dark and devious ways, known only to a chosen few, of extricating oneself from such quandaries."

"You can't hurry out absent-mindedly with the bill in your hand here," said Christine. "You pay the waitress, not at the desk."

"I must fall back on cards," I said, taking no notice of her. "It is a pity that all those in my case at the moment are other people's. Ah!" I said, glancing over them, "here is one, with the Athenæum Club on the corner. This should keep Scotland Yard at bay till I can get back from my rooms with the money. Farewell," I said. "If this doesn't come off all right, you will break it to my friends, won't you, and perhaps you will even come to see me on visiting-day?"

She did not move.

"Leave me," I said, "to face this alone. Such scenes are not for one who has been delicately and expensively nurtured. Are you sure you have finished tea?"

Christine ignored my remark, though it was meant kindly.

"I shall stand by you," she said.

"May I hold your hand," I asked, "when the supreme moment arrives? I am just going to ask for the Manageress."

"I shall stand—er—just near the door," said Christine, "in—in case—"

While Christine was standing by the door, gazing into the street, I waited the coming of the Manageress. Happening to feel in the left-hand top pocket of my waistcoat for my card-case, to see if I had a better card to play, I found something hard there. A half-sovereign, by Jove! I got up hurriedly to break the good news, and found the Manageress standing before me.

"Oh—ah!" I said. "Yes—my friend particularly wished me to—er—congratulate you on your—your muffets and crumpins. They're perfect. Can I have my bill, please? . . . Don't mention it. Good afternoon!"

When I rejoined Christine, she said, "Tell me quickly, are you on ticket-of-leave?"

"My dear child," I said, "what *do* you mean? I paid the bill, of course. I was only testing your courage."

"I shall have tea with Charles next time," was all she said.

The Difference.

One side (according to Radical members of the Committee) makes party capital out of Marconi's; the other side invests party capital in Marconi's.

KEATS ON LORD MURRAY OF ELIBANK (prior to the despatch of his cables):—

"Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

"TRAGIC AFFAIR IN MANCHESTER. LANCASHIRE FOLLOW ON."

"Manchester Evening News" placard. That is the true spirit.

"After lunch the batsmen were so helpless that the remaining eight fell in forty-five minutes for 18."—*Westminster Gazette*.

A clear case for abolishing the lunch interval too—or making it strictly tee-total.



HINTS TO CLIMBERS: HOW TO ATTRACT NOTICE.

III. BE ORIGINAL IN YOUR CHOICE OF PETS AND GET THE FACT REPORTED IN THE PAPERS.

REST FREE;

OR, THE DEAD-HEAD IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

(Showing how the poet who made complaint last week that his solitude was disturbed by the tax-gatherer in St. James's Park should have chosen a neighbouring pleasance for repose.)

LONG, long ago, before the shadows fell
So slant across the undulating lea,
Here to the hallowed precincts of this dell
Sacred to afternoon *pâtisserie*,
Try to recall, dear waiter, how there came—
A youth all flushed with hope, with heart aflame,
And sat on this green chair and asked for tea.

Lonely he was, but all about him sat
Deep feeding revellers; the pigeons swerved
Pompous as aldermen, with waists as fat,
After the dusty sparrows brazen-nerved
Who stole their breaderumbs; but amid the press
No straw-crowned Ariels in evening dress
Came to inquire if he was being served.

A whispering rose at last among the leaves;
Less hotly glared the post-meridian sun;
And Time, who solaces all wounds and weaves
His poppy over hearts with toil fordone,
Brought him unconsciousness; at last he dozed,
A wan smile flickering o'er his lips half-closed
And murmuring to the table, "Tea for one."

And now what vast impertinence! You dare
To wake this Rip van Winkle from his sleep!
Look how the silver shines amidst my hair;
In this cold bosom now no passions leap.
Remove the hardware. Take away the hot
Buns of a boyhood's fancy long forgot.
Give those grass sandwiches to some poor sheep.

The place is silent now; the guests are gone;
The birds have staggered from the cake-strewn floor;
I feel imperious dinner creeping on;
To stuff myself with bread would be a bore;
I shall not pay you, but some day, mayhap,
I shall come back to you and take a nap
After my teatime, Heinrich, not before.

I like repose untroubled. Yonder waif—
You know him with the ever tireless feet
Prowling for pennies? Here a man is safe
From all his huckstering. When you next shall meet
Tell him, oh, Heinrich, the amusing tale
Of how I sat within the Garden's pale
For two full hours and paid not for my seat.

EVOC.

"Less than three hours' cricket at Lord's yesterday served to give the Navy a ten wickets' victory over the Army. The Army, however, were only left 20 to get to win, which was done without loss."

The Scotsman.

So both won. The brightening of cricket still goes on.



FOR THE SPOILS!

KING PETER THE HERMIT. "ONE MORE CRUSADE!—THIS TIME AGAINST OUR CHRISTIAN ALLIES!"

[Happily the intervention of the Tsar has checked the bellicose zeal of the above Crusader.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 9.—Resounding cheer greeted PREMIER when he rose to move Second Reading of Home Rule Bill, which thus entered upon second lap of race that will automatically terminate in the third. Whilst storm of cheering rose and fell PRINCE ARTHUR, charged with mission of moving rejection of measure, entered from behind SPEAKER'S Chair. Now the turn of Unionists to cheer. Did their duty lustily; Ministerialists wound up to fresh response.

Thus business merrily began with inspiring appearance of hearts profoundly stirred. But House of Commons, in spite of frequent appearances to the contrary, is, after all, a business assembly. It recognises fact that under existing statutes and circumstances this performance of a second time of asking, with the full formulæ of Second Reading, Committee and Third Reading, is a mere ceremony. For all practical purposes it might be clattered through in an hour. Under provisions of Parliament Act there is no possibility of amending Bill in current session. You may make suggestions if you like and have nothing better to do at home. But the Bill, as it was last session carried by overwhelming majorities after prolonged debate, must needs be presented next session in the same textual form.

Then, and not till then, will crisis be reached.

PREMIER naturally rose to the occasion. Constitutionally averse from word-spinning. No use going back to burnish up in rhetorical form old arguments in favour of Home Rule. That stage over and done with whilst Bill still awaited decision of Commons. Accordingly chiefly confined speech, which barely passed half-hour limit, to analysis of situation as affected by recent by-elections. Recalled fact that of twenty-one taking place since Home Rule Bill was introduced the Government have lost four seats and gained one. Total vote cast for Ministerial Candidates was 121,269, for Unionist Candidates 105,568.



PRINCE ARTHUR as Champion of Ulster.

That, PREMIER diffidently submitted, did not indicate revulsion of feeling against the Bill.

As PRINCE ARTHUR noted, most important statement was declaration that demand of Opposition for another General Election before enactment of Bill will not be conceded.

Business done.—Home Rule Bill up again for Second Reading. PRINCE ARTHUR in vigorous speech replied on behalf of Ulster with emphatic "No."

Tuesday.—A lively night at last. Fighting all round with the gloves off. CARSON opened debate in what JOHN REDMOND described as "the most violent speech he had made in the House since Home Rule Bill was

introduced." Certainly not lacking in vigour. In response to announced intention of Government to carry the Bill he openly, categorically, declared in favour of armed resistance. This so worked upon feelings of CHARLIE BERESFORD that, hitching up trousers conveniently roomy at the knee, he volunteered, nay announced himself resolved, to be "the first man to be shot down."

CARSON'S bitterest opponents recognise in him a man who gives more than lip-service to the cause he has espoused. His loyalty to Ulster is marked in figures written on the back of briefs returned in order that one of the ablest, most successful counsel at the Bar may devote his time, talents and energies to what he honestly believes to be the welfare of his country. For this reason his biting sarcasm, his thundering denunciation of Home

Rule and all concerned in its propagation were, with one deplorable exception, listened to on the Ministerial Benches with respectful forbearance.

Nevertheless they gave tone to debate that followed, infusing it with hotly contentious spirit that sharply contrasted with yesterday's decorous duel between PREMIER and PRINCE ARTHUR. DEVLIN in his element. Not enjoyed so pleasant an evening for a long time. Silver-tongued AUGUSTINE, not heard of late save at Question time, wound up debate in lively speech. House much enjoyed brief chapter of autobiography. Protesting that religious bigotry is at bottom of the trouble in Ulster, he added, "I have had curious experiences during my official life, first at the Board of Education and then in Ireland. I have been brought into close personal contact with Cardinals of the Church of Rome and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and," he concluded with pious fervour, "I commend them all to God."

Big Ben had just tolled half-past eleven when PRINCE ARTHUR'S amendment for rejection of the Bill was put from the Chair. For it there voted 270 against 368, representing Ministerial majority of 98, three less than carried same stage of the Bill last year. Second Reading was thereupon agreed to without division and the throng broke up, Ministerialists



"Not lacking in vigour."
(Sir E. CARSON.)

enthusiastically cheering the PREMIER as he passed out.

Business done.—Home Rule Bill read a second time.

Friday.—"Lycidas is dead!" Not ere his prime but in its very fulness, which makes the sudden end more tragic. On Monday, when House was crowded in anticipation of renewal of long waged fight round Home Rule for Ireland, news came that GEORGE WYNDHAM lay dead in a Paris hotel. The Irish question was intimately bound up with the threads of his political life. A sudden turn fatally entangled them, arresting forward progress that seemed to lead to loftiest plane of political ambition.

A cynical fate that news of his sudden cutting off should have enforced prelude of personal regret on part of PRIME MINISTER and LEADER OF OPPOSITION rising to confront each other across the Table on the war-worn theme. It was chivalrous attempt to solve this question whilst he was still Chief Secretary for Ireland that roused Ulster to storm of resentment before which the descendant of Lord EDWARD FITZGERALD fell, not to rise again to his former position.

As PREMIER said, in him the House loses an attractive personality. Handsome in appearance, courtly in manner, his mind touched with the tender light of imagination and poetry, he brightened and adorned debate whenever he took part in it. This more especially true of speeches before his forced retirement from Ministerial office. For a while he thereafter withdrew into obscurity to nurse poignant sorrow. Of late he had recovered

something of his former gaiety of manner, and might, had life been spared and his Party recaptured their old predominance, found his fortunes re-established. But

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears
And slits the thin-spun life.

PRINCE ARTHUR, who in faltering voice echoed the PREMIER's lament,



"Silver-tongued Augustine."
(MR. BIRRELL.)

spoke of his lost friend's "great literary and imaginative powers, which had never received their full expansion and their full meed of praise, perhaps their full theatre in which to show themselves." GEORGE WYNDHAM, the public are apt to forget, if indeed they ever knew, was, in addition to being a statesman, a poet and a prose writer of distinction.

Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

In the general mourning there will not be lacking kindly thought of the gracious lady, his helpmate and wife through twenty-four momentous years.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

"Old-world Manor House, containing six bed rooms . . . five billiard rooms."
Advt. in "The Times."

Not enough for us. One billiard-room to every bed-room, we say.

From an Examination Paper:—

"The Renaissance was inaugurated by the invention of printing and of gunpowder which put an end to the Middle Ages."

"*Ceci tuera cela*," as VICTOR HUGO said of printing in relation to architecture; but gunpowder is, of course, still more effective.

A WEAPON.

"Who was that?" demanded my wife as I returned to the luncheon table after seeing my visitor off at the garden gate.

"It was a railway man."

"It didn't look like a railway man. It was much too splendid."

I glanced carelessly at a card which I still held in my hand.

"He came from the head office," I remarked, trying not to lay any stress upon the fact. But I ought to explain that we live in a very quiet way and this sort of thing does not often happen to us. As I anticipated, my wife was considerably impressed.

"Do you think he was a Superintendent or something?"

"Either that or a General Manager," said I.

"What did he want?"

"It was purely a business matter," said I. "I don't suppose it will interest you. The water at the station cottages has been condemned and he wished to consult me about a new supply. They want to tap our pipe at the top of the lane and take it from there."

"Cheek!" said my wife, bridling. (I think that is what they call it. My wife often does it.)

"I don't know," said I mildly, "that it need necessarily be classed as cheek. We happen to have the only decent supply in the parish and I don't suppose he can get it anywhere else."

"So you mean to tell me," said my wife with much deliberation, "that he waits till we have brought water down off the hill at enormous expense and then calmly has the face to suggest—"

"I didn't tell him he could have it."

"Well, I should hope not."

"But I don't see why he shouldn't," I added.

My wife suddenly launched into a denunciation of the Great Scottish Railway. "It's just like them!" she said. "They never will do anything for themselves. They won't build cottages or repair the old ones, and you know perfectly well that you have had trouble for years about their polluting the stream that goes through the meadow, and the station is filthy and not properly lighted, and they lost that portinanteau of Uncle Robert's seven years ago, and the train service is abominable and getting worse."

"There's plenty of water to go round," said I, "and of course they will have to pay a reasonable price for it."

"Reasonable!" said my wife scornfully. "This isn't a case for anything



"Resolved to be 'the first man to be shot down.'"

(LORD CHARLES BIRRELL.)



ALL THE MOST



OBVIOUS



PLACES



FOR NESTING



BEING OCCUPIED,



A LATE NESTER HAS HAD TO FALL BACK ON AN OLD-FASHIONED TREE. EXCITEMENT IN THE NEWSPAPER WORLD!

reasonable. Why, can't you see that you have got them in your power at last?"

"How?"

"They must have the water. Don't you see that you can squeeze them?"

That gave me food for thought. There was something arresting in the idea of squeezing the Great Scottish Railway Company. And, as I have said, we live in a quiet way.

"What did you say to the man?"

"I said I would consider it and let him know."

"Well, write and tell him that if he will stop the London express——"

"I don't suppose that that is his department, exactly."

"Nonsense. The whole thing must hang together. Come into the other room and work it out. People can't expect water for nothing."

On looking back upon it now, I see that my wife succeeded in over-riding my better judgment that afternoon. I am not by nature a blackmailer. The following was the schedule of our minimum demands:—

(1) An annual royalty of £6 17s. 9d. to be paid—being a poor interest upon

my outlay in bringing the water from the hill.

(2) The London express to be stopped by signal on due notice being given.

(3) Full compensation for the loss of Uncle Robert's portmanteau.

(4) Seven new lamps to be placed at the end of the platform in the station and duly maintained.

(5) The short cut from our house along the line to be legalized.

"But we mustn't be too selfish about it," said my wife at this point. "I wonder if we should put in an eight-hour day for the porters?" We did not include that, however, but demanded repairs for the station cottages.

There came a postcard in reply, announcing the arrival of our esteemed favour. And after that there was a long pause. I wrote once asking if a decision had been arrived at, but had no reply. After five weeks we began to compromise. I wrote and said that I would not press for more than five station lamps. Ten days later we threw over the cottage repairs and the short cut. There was still no reply, and the strain was telling upon us. Even my wife became more conciliatory.

"Uncle Robert's portmanteau will have to go," she announced one morning at breakfast.

"As a matter of fact," I pointed out, "as long as we can get our royalty it means that the Great Scottish is paying for our water supply. Don't you think——"

"They must stop the London express," said my wife severely.

A week later, without saying anything to my wife, I wrote and withdrew our remaining stipulations except Number One. The truth is that I had seen in the distance something going on at the station that I didn't like the look of.

After another month we heard from the General Manager at last. He wrote to say that the new artesian well was working satisfactorily, and under the circumstances he need trouble me no further in the matter.

"J. Shields, st Shields, b Killick .. 2"
Daily Chronicle.

SHIELDS (anxious to get back to the pavilion), *loq.* "If they can't get me out any other way I must lend them a hand myself."

THE CURE.

WHEN Richard and Henry came back from Brittany last week I had, of course, heaps of things to tell them. I pictured to myself their happy up-turned faces, their ready smiles, their genial interest.

But I had forgotten the curse of the Returned Traveller; I had forgotten that the chief cause of nostalgia is the passionate desire to inflict a tale of petty happenings on long-suffering friends at home; I had forgotten—I have forgotten what I had forgotten.

They began with their adventures—the crossing, that was pronounced by the sailors to be the worst since the winter of '79; the waiters, who had answered halting French in flowing English; the price of English tobacco, and, on the contrary, the price of French wine; together with a tedious *résumé* of trifling dangers and difficulties of transport.

When my interest visibly flagged, they produced from their pockets tram tickets from Dinard, French matches from St. Malo, and lumps of mortar from the walls of Dinan keep.

Next day they began to unpack the picture postcards, and I left the house in a hurry. I felt somehow that Richard was going to describe them as an interesting record of an enjoyable trip.

I stayed away all the afternoon. Late in the evening I returned with an air of secrecy and pockets crowded with mysteries.

Richard and Henry looked up from a map of France.

"Where have you been?" asked Henry casually. I strode to the fireplace, turned my back on it firmly and began:

"I have been abroad (*sensation*) to Shepherd's Bush (*derision*), and now that you have *quite* finished the relation of your interesting, your *very* interesting adventures, I'm sure you will be glad to hear of mine."

I began with the adventures—the curiously shaped train that had stopped at every station; the humorous repartee of the apple-barrow man to the chauffeur outside the terminus—a little story which as I told it lost but little through my having forgotten the repartee itself; my difficulty in using one ticket on two trams, although the total distance covered did not exceed half a statutory kilometre.

I produced the ticket and passed it round, and then hurried on to other trophies. One middling large lump of brickwork from a wall adjacent to Wormwood Scrubbs Prison; one receipted bill from an Italian restaurant where I had

consumed a custard *éclair* and three feet of the finest spaghetti; one small packet of Shepherd's Bush tobacco, which I had brought back without paying an excessive duty.

I then passed to my postcards. They were, I am sorry to say, only perfunctorily enthusiastic over two really artistic photochromes of the Cinema de Luxe and the Electric Palace. These failed to grip them, even when I translated the title of the former for their benefit, and waxed exegetical over the finer points of their early Georgian construction.

But I had yet a trump.

"This," I said, "is the free library. Its architecture speaks for itself. But this card has an interest over and above the building."

"A biplane?" asked Richard sadly. "If so, you've bought the wrong card. It's not in this one."

"I spoke figuratively," I said. "Actually, the interest is that rather good-looking young man standing to the left of the gate. No, it isn't me, Henry. I said 'rather good-looking.' Now I must ask you to cast your minds back to June, 1910. No doubt you will remember seeing a poster of *Suburban Opinion*: 'Shepherd's Bush Reader Wins £102 13s. 5d. in Muddles.' Well, *this* is the Shepherd's Bush reader. I bought the card from the man himself; indeed, I had quite a long talk with him. He set up in the stationery line, and throws himself in with all local photographs he has taken."

They were now so dispirited that I was able to unveil a map of the district and spread it on the table without evoking a protest. But when I took out a box of pins with red, white and blue china tops the worms turned. By the space of several minutes they said hard and unjust things to me; and, though there is peace once more, we do not mention Shepherd's Bush nowadays.

Neither, however, do we make reference to Brittany.

"COSY SEWERS WANTED!"

Manchester Evening News.

Some people never seem satisfied with the ordinary comforts of home-life.

The Chivalry of the Bar.

It is rumoured that Sir EDWARD CARSON, in the event of his being charged with treasonable conspiracy in the matter of Ulster, will invite Mr. BIRRELL, K.C., and Mr. JOHN REDMOND, of the Irish Bar, to conduct his defence, and that these gentlemen will, by the advice of the Editor of *The Westminster Gazette*, accept the brief.

CALCULATED ARGUMENT.

"The youngest child of a family is hard to convince. His is the accumulated experience of his elders."—*Recent Novel*.]

SEK seemed . . . well, let me put it thus

(My Muse has ever tact in plenty):
I feared her years were thirty plus,
While mine were barely five-and-twenty.

And so, although my callow heart
Went out to her in fond devotion,
I wondered if 'twere wise to start
The moving of the usual motion.

A horror filled my heart with gloom—
Lest she should reach the sere and yellow

While I was still in fairish bloom,
A reasonably youthful fellow.
"Be still," I said, "O tongue, refrain,
What time my subtle mind engages
In schemings that will ascertain
Approximately what her age is."

Thenceforward when she spoke to me
I only dealt in contradiction;
In disputatious causerie
I struggled to convey conviction.

We argued bacon *versus* ham,
Pink against purple (this for blouses),
The motor-bus against the tram,
Commodious flats and country houses.

Were she a Pethick, I would Pank
(Really my views were of the oddest);
I found a gentle charm in swank
Merely from knowing she was modest;

But, spite of all that I could do,
My rhetoric with reason glowing,
I could not make her take my view
On any single subject going.

Then o'er my heart there swept a wild,
Wild wave of joy that strangely moved it;

She plainly was a youngest child,
My failure to convince her proved it.
I knew her brother (twenty-nine);
My hesitating love grew firmer;
In pleading tones I breathed, "Be mine."

There came no contradictory murmur.

One of the Old Breed.

"Since old Walter Blake died big bullocks are rare down here."—*The Tram Herald*.

"If a few hours before the pigeon dies a tiny dose of vitamine be given to it then the pigeon quickly recovers."—*The Referee*.
The trouble, of course, is to know just when the pigeon is going to die.

Fast and Furious.

"The parishioners of Aysgarth have adopted a scheme for the restoration of the Parish Church bells, at a cost of £200. The sum of £80 has, so far, been subscribed towards the fun."—*The Northern Echo*.



ATMOSPHERE OF DISTRUST AT A GARDEN PARTY OWING TO RUMOUR THAT A MILITANT IS PRESENT.

THE RECANTER.

BRING me my gloves of dove-like hue,
And, though my little fingers crack,
They shall remorselessly indue
The *snède*; bring out my brilliant black

Top-hat. My tie is featly tied;
My *piqué* waistcoat woos the breeze;
My trousers, striped and darkly dyed,
Are creased and bag-less at the knees.

Collar and pin are right, and now
Waft me, ye nymphs, where, unafraid,
Charles, my familiar, shall endow
With all his goods a tender maid.

My Charles, my Charles, and has it come
To this that, resolute but pale,
You stand, your cynic spirit dumb,
In ambush near the altar-rail?

Oh, misoparthenist morose,
So deeply vowed to single bliss
You seemed to hold, nay hug, it close,
To think it should have come to this!

But Charles is in the church at play;
He skips about and chats as though
He had a wedding every day
And never found the process slow.

And as his inexpressive she
Comes sudden sailing up the aisle,
Observe our Charles; he does not flee,
But dons his most possessive smile,

As who should say, "I am the one
Who bound this maiden for my own,
A deed of high emprise, and done
Through wit and manly worth alone."

The ring is on, a tidy fit;
He hears unmoved the organ's peal,
While many stand when they should sit,
And many sit when they should kneel.

The signatory vestry-throng,
The bride in all her white array,
The house, the aunts that most belong
Thereto—so speed the hours away;

And Charles, who thought of frocks as foes,
And vaunted mere celibacy,
Must get him gone; but ere he goes
What is it he confides to me?

He lifts his glass of wedding fizz
And says he is convinced, "bar chaff,
That he who isn't married is
But half a man, and hardly half!" R. C. L.

ALB.

An Obituary.

ONLY an axolotl! Don't the mere words bring tears into your eyes?

Only an axolotl, I repeat, and if you ask me what an axolotl is I lay my hand on my heart and reply that I don't quite know. It is like a gold-fish, but its colour is not gold, and scientists say it is not a fish—an obvious error, because it lives in water and dies in the air. If you ate it (but please don't) I think it would taste like a sardine.

Only an axolotl, I say again (we are getting on), but his name was Alb and he was the pearl and prince of axolotls. Let me picture him as last I saw him. He was, to the unappreciative eye, of plain if not ugly appearance. The large flat nose (or rather head), the two enormous ears (fins?), the somewhat rotund, mud-coloured body, did not perhaps make for conventional loveliness. Yet his features, though hardly regular enough for perfect beauty, had about them an expressiveness, a charm, an—I know not what. They grew on one.

Alb had simple tastes. An occasional worm, perhaps a crumb, sufficed him for breakfast; an occasional crumb, perhaps a worm, formed his modest lunch. Tea he disdained, and supper he did not get. His bowl was furnished neatly but not luxuriously with seaweed, moss, stones and all the appurtenances of gold-fishery. He spent his working days swimming round and round the bowl, sternly and methodically, from ten to four. I believe he never quite realised that the bowl was round, but always thought that if he kept on long enough he would arrive somewhere. If this is so, he was the most determined character I know, and I think he should be a lesson to us all.

But you will expect some anecdotes of his sagacity. Living entirely in this bowl he could not fetch his master's paper or hold a savage burglar at bay, or carry a collecting box for an inebriate dogs' home. Yet he had intelligence of the domestic kind. He had a perfect passion for being read to. How often have I seen Alb, his head protruding, his fins cocked back, listening with a rapt expression while his master read some suitable extracts from *The Spectator*. Once I could almost have sworn he laughed.

If you asked him what he would like to do to LLOYD GEORGE he rushed wildly about the bowl. But as he did just the same to every question (you prodded him with a stick to make him answer) this throws little light on his politics. He would have been a wobbly voter, would Alb.

Then there was Axi! Picture to yourselves a large, beautiful blonde axolotl, perfectly built, svelte, graceful, with the utmost of feminine charm. Having done that, you will have Axi, Alb's wife. She was worthy of him; they were worthy of each other. Throw a crumb to Alb and if Axi got there first she ate it. Throw one to Axi and it was the same—I mean it was *vice versa, mutatis mutandis*. One evening a strange axolotl was introduced to the bowl, dark, beetle-browed, with a sinister look. Next morning he was found dead. There are dark pages in the life of every axolotl.

But Alb is no more. I write these few lines at the request of his owner, an unworthy, a feeble appreciation from one who knew him. When he died there was not a dry eye in the bowl. Nay, it overflowed. Nor was that his only tribute. A very beautiful Latin inscription was written for him. "Poor Alb," I said, as I perused it, "poor, poor Alb!" It was a good bit of writing, but it did not do justice to Alb. Nothing could. Nothing will—nothing—but pardon me, I grow maudlin. I will desist. There was a peroration; but no matter. Alb needs no peroration.

"CRICKET GAMES IN OLD COUNTRY."

Playing Alexford, the University of Kent scored 480, all out, Wooley making the magnificent score of 224 not out, while Felder notched 52."—*Daily Colonist* (Victoria B.C.). Thus the glad news journeys through the Empire.

"At the Borough Police Court on Monday, the Mayor, who presided, called attention to the telephone at the police station. He said that on Saturday night there was a great disturbance close to his house, and at eleven o'clock he rang up the police station, but failed to get any response. He would like to know where the teenehpasowl d rworlow alok aylak dyogkkgb telephone was?"

Carnarvon Herald.

What language! Oh, Mr. Mayor.

"The weather had turned very cold, and the fieldsmen wore their sweaters, as a strong wind was blowing Charles Alderton Carter, of 1, Park View, right across the ground."

Bristol Evening News.

Brightening cricket still more.

"He was, I think, Keeper of H.M.S. Regalia in the Tower of London for close on forty years."—*Letter in "Daily Graphic."*

This must be a sister ship to the one at the bottom of Bouverie Street.

"FORECAST TILL 11 A.M. TO-MORROW.

North Wind, mainly between West and South."—*Manchester Evening News.*

What has the East done to be so neglected?

THE MEM-SAHIB.

ANY morning you may meet her
Where the sunlight gilds the strand
And the curlews rise to greet her
As she gallops o'er the sand,
Riding swift, as though a wager's
In the fore-front of her mind,
With a brace of breathless majors
Close behind.

Watch her dole the daily rations,
Watch her scan the butler's book,
Watch her foil the machinations
Of a swart and bearded cook;
Prouder than a queen, sublimer
Than a goddess, see her stand
With a Hindustani Primer
In her hand!

When the swift and welcome gloaming
Shrouds the palm-trees and the huts,
And the bullocks, slowly homing,
Loom like ghosts across the ruts;
When the plantain (or banana)
Rocks to rest the drowsy midge,
She'll be up at the gymkhana
Playing bridge.

And it seems a little funny
That not one among us all
Ever danced the "Hugging Bunny"
Or the glad "Crustacean Crawl"
Till she came out East and taught us
Every trick of pose and gait,
Occidentalized and brought us
Up to date.

And our bungalows were gloomy,
There were bats behind the doors,
And the rooms were far too roomy
With their bare and shameless floors,
Till she burst upon our quiet
With her china and her prints,
With the reminiscent riot
Of her chintz.

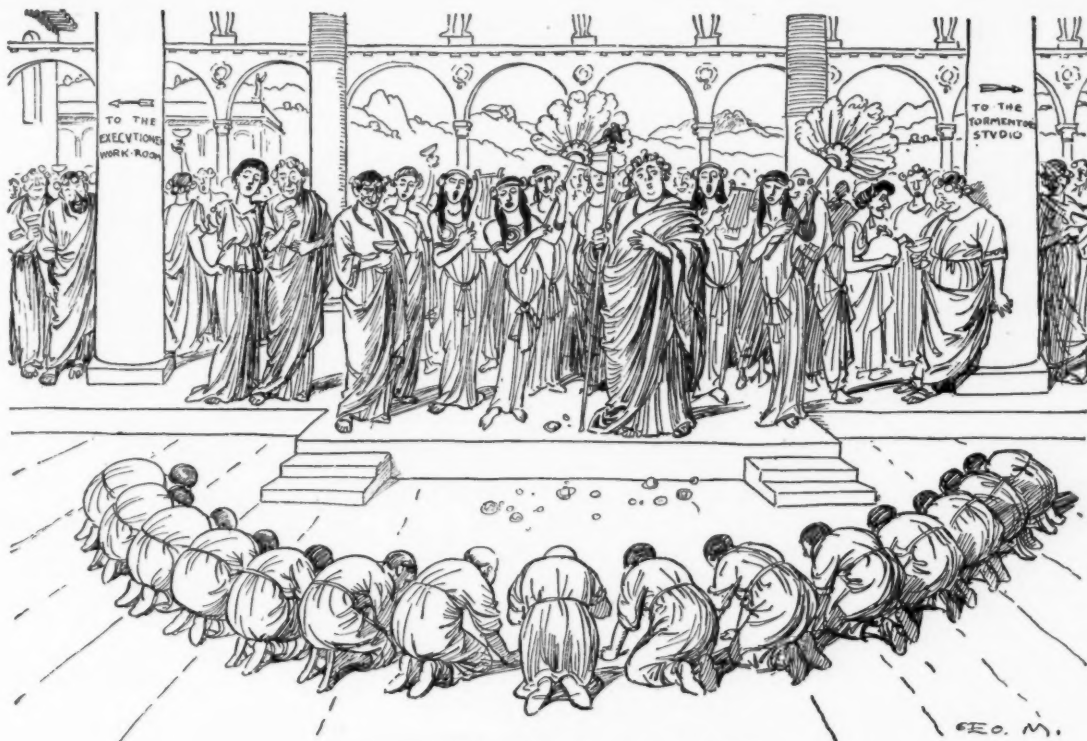
Would you learn the gladness of her,
Catch the charm before it pass?
Ask the butterflies that hover
Emerald o'er the sun-burned grass;
Ask the paddy-birds that settle
On the crimson-flow'ring boughs,
Or the frangipanni petal
In her blouse.

And I would not have you grudge her
Any pleasure she may wrest
From the wilderness, or judge her
By the standards of the West;
She's a "bold, designing creature"
To the folk who know her least,
But to us—the saving feature
Of the East. J. M. S.

Wait till the Reign stops.

"As reported elsewhere, the Urban Council on Tuesday evening sent a congratulatory telegram to his Majesty King George IV., on the occasion of his birthday."

Farnham Herald.



FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF VALOUR.

A DEPUTATION OF RESPECTABLE RESIDENTS OF CAPREE WAIT ON THE EMPEROR TIBERIUS TO POINT OUT THAT HIS MIDNIGHT ORGIES GIVE THE ISLAND A BAD NAME AND DEPRECIATE THE VALUE OF PROPERTY THERE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN the Master of a College at Cambridge sits down to write the story of one who held posts of great authority in the University, intending readers may think themselves justified in anticipating a work of academically dignified dulness. In the case of "J.," a *Memoir of John Willis Clark* (SMITH, ELDER), by A. E. SHIPLEY, Master of Christ's College, they will, however, be agreeably disappointed. Mr. SHIPLEY has carried out his task in exactly the right spirit of affectionate and admiring levity. Being himself the Head of a House he does not disguise the painful fact that "J." was consistently in favour of the abolition of Heads of Houses, "though," he himself adds, "I never could see that the poor dears do much harm." This book is by no means a merely formal biography. It gives a vivid and unconventional account of a very remarkable man who was for many years the life and soul of Cambridge, the adviser, the helper and the indefatigable friend of many generations of dons and undergraduates. As our public schools are supposed to produce character, so it may be said that our universities have earned much fame by producing characters. "J." was one of these. Everything he undertook (and his activities were innumerable) he did well in his own uncompromising way. He wrote books on books, on architecture, on archæology; he arranged the Museum of Zoology; he was Registrar of the University; he investigated libraries; he was for years the tutelary genius of the A.D.C.; he was a teller of good stories and a careful drinker of good claret; and he had bursts

of a Boythornian temper which, though terrific while they lasted, endeared him the more, if that was possible, to his friends. As I who write these lines remember him, he was the embodiment of hospitality, good fellowship and kindness. I thank the Master of Christ's for this pleasant record of our common friend, and I recommend it warmly to all Cambridge men.

When Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD, some years ago, first told me about the ghosts that he had seen I was quite sure that he was telling me the truth—I was horribly impressed. Then he began to tell me about fairies, and I enjoyed his revelations but doubted his sincerity. Finally, in his new book, *A Prisoner in Fairyland*, I discover no sincerity and only a little enjoyment. I hope that he will not write about fairies again. His prisoner on this occasion is a hearty middle-aged sentimentalist—ponderously affectionate by day, ponderously imaginative at night. This gentleman flies after dark with the simple stolidity of a *Slightly*; he is accompanied by children whose sweetness and attempted fun are painful to witness. "For the children," we are told, "night meant play and mischief; for himself it meant graver reverie." This "graver reverie" occupies over five hundred pages, and I should be afraid to calculate the numbers and numbers of descriptions of stars and moons and night-skies that those pages contain. The truth is that Mr. BLACKWOOD has nothing very new to tell us about fairies; his narrative is slow in its movement, and its characters—as, for instance, *Minks*, the secretary—are spoilt by a sentimentality worthy of DICKENS. He has been too long "a prisoner in fairyland," and I believe that he

is at heart more at home in the company of *John Silence* and his cats than in the innocent verborosities of the solid *Mr. Rogers*. I feel that he has here endeavoured to hammer out his theme when spontaneous invention was lacking. Fairies are elusive creatures, and in *Jimbo Mr. Blackwood* approached them very closely; but it seems that *Mr. Rogers's* heavy tread has, on the present occasion, alarmed them. I sympathise with *Mr. Blackwood*, but cannot commend his artificial substitute.

When the story opens upon the picture of a personable young man, in the garden of an old chateau, walking with an elderly but charming lady, and transfixed by the sudden appearance of a beautiful damsel ("No nymph, Monsieur. It is my daughter, the little *Héloïse*, whom you used to know"), and when moreover it is called by the engaging title of *A Summer Quadrille* (HUTCHINSON), I protest that the reader has every reason to expect nothing but the happiest and most dainty comedy. That indeed is my only ground of complaint against *Mrs. HUGH FRASER* and *Mr. HUGH FRASER*, that, having started a tale of pleasant artificiality about a gay cavalier, a charming maiden, a kindly abbé, a scheming servant, and in short all the usual cast for a costume romance, they should suddenly have turned to what is almost tragedy. I felt also that the pleasantly prattling style, so well suited to what the story seemed about to be, was hardly robust enough when it came to omens and shrieking sea-gulls and a villain with his face smashed. All these things you get before the finish. The villain in question was *M. Le Grange*—the personable young man to whom I had so taken in the opening chapter—and his behaviour towards the little *Héloïse* was by no means what I had hoped from his appearance. But in the end, as you will see, he got his deservings; and perhaps, as I had never believed in any of the characters save as pleasantly-dressed figures in a tushery show, it need not have worried me. Still, I admit I prefer that in an affair of this fashion as little sawdust should be spilt as possible.

When four people find themselves shut up for eight days in a quarantined house, it is perhaps unreasonable to expect them to do anything very much except talk, and I ought, no doubt, to have borne more patiently with the deluge of conversation poured forth in these circumstances by the characters in *Middleground* (MILLS AND BOON), the new novel by the anonymous author of *Mastering Flame*. His theme certainly lent itself to much conversation. The position was as follows: *Louis Pembroke* was on the point of eloping with *Mrs. Comber*. Enter *Mrs. Comber* to chat over their plans. Enter *John Brent*, former lover of the lady, to announce that he knew all; and on his heels enter *Mr. Comber*, who also knew all, and wanted to know what was going to be done about it. At this point the discovery is made that the servant of the house—the scene

is laid in Shanghai—has developed cholera and that the four must remain where they are for eight days. It is an ingenious situation, reminiscent, however, of a popular American farce called *Seven Days*, but the flaw in it is that it can only lead either to a lot of murder or to incessant talk. Our author has no germ of melodrama in him, and it is speedily evident that there will be no murder. It is just as speedily evident that there will be much talk. For a time, I confess, the discussions absorbed me, and then, beaten down by the volume of them, irritated by the vacillations of the heroine, and maddened by the mild "After-you-my-dear-Alphonse" attitude of the sickeningly reasonable husband, I thanked whatever gods may be that the book contained only 296 pages, for otherwise my unconquerable soul could never have survived to the end. *Middleground* ought really to have been condensed and transformed into the last section of a long, quiet novel showing us the early developments of the situation with which it now opens.



Boy. "PY FOR US T' GO IN, LIDY?" Lady. "CERTAINLY NOT!"
Boy. "THEN TIKIE US IN IN YER ARMS?"

I never found *Marion Miller* either very interesting or very probable, and so, when she took advantage of her fiancé's approaching departure for the Gold Coast to exact a promise from him that he would make no use of drugs during his time there, and thus "establish her faith" in Christian Science, I felt that I should be glad to get away with *James* to Africa, and allow *Mr. W. H. ADAMS*, himself an old official of the Gold Coast Colony, to show me this young member of *The Dominant Race* (SMITH, ELDER) in what I hoped would be less incredible if more

adventurous surroundings. I want at once to say that I enjoyed the trip tremendously, even though my credulity did get worried again once or twice by the combined stupidity and good fortune of *James*. And then there was *Ambah*, of Moorish blood and brought up from childhood among the natives of Anum, of which town and district *James*—his life saved, after all, by quinine—became Commissioner; she was white-skinned and beautiful and capable of Platonic affection, and, after a few lessons in English verbs, I doubt whether English civilization would have had anything more to teach her. Still, I have never been on the Gold Coast, and *Mr. ADAMS* probably knows better than I whether *Ambah* can be found there. I will leave it to him. Meanwhile you must read his really thrilling description of West African life and scenery to discover how loath I was, at the end of six months or so, to come back home with the now distinguished *James* and see him wedded to an allopathic (and not too lovable) bride.

"Mr. James Douglas, the well-known journalist, states that he is not the author of 'The Duchess's Necklace,' the play at the Aldwych Theatre."—*The Daily News and Leader*.

We understand that *Mr. JAMES A. DOUGLAS* will retort that neither is he guilty of *The Renaissance of Wonder*.